

# NEWS FROM NOTOWN



By  
Eleanor  
Ellis  
Perkins



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## News from Notown





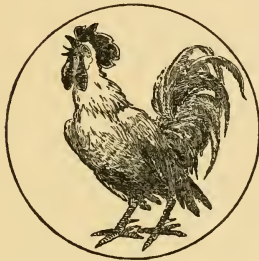
# NEWS FROM NOTOWN

*By*

ELEANOR ELLIS PERKINS

*With Illustrations by*

LUCY FITCH PERKINS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK

*Houghton Mifflin Company*

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1919

POSTER  
E. G. B. M.  
1919

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1.75

NOV 16 1919

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## Introduction

## Introduction



NOSE for news has Jiffy Wells.  
What his nose knows he always tells.  
The streets he scurries up and down  
To smell the news of old Notown.

An eye for news has Jiffy too,  
To tell the old news from the new.  
He keeps it cocked and jots right down  
The sights he sees in old Notown.

To jot down notes he keeps a pen  
Which serves for sketching now and then.  
What's in his notebook you will learn  
If you will but these pages turn.



Lucy Fitch Perkins





# News from Notown

Mrs. Jones Prophesies Rain

# Mrs. Jones Prophesies Rain



UR neighbor Mrs. Padded Jones  
Has very prophesying bones.  
By feeling them she always knows  
The proper time to hang out clothes.  
To-day her feeling's very strong  
That something right is going wrong.  
Either the mayor is n't well,  
Or else 't will rain! She cannot tell.



Lucy Fitch Perkins



**Portius Bigg Bemoans His Famous Fatness**

# Portius Bigg Bemoans His Famous Fatness



QUITE near the outskirts of the town  
You'll find a famous spot.  
The house of Portius Bigg is there  
Together with the lot.

He is the fat boy of the town,  
His weight we state with pride.  
All other fat boys look quite thin  
Our Portius Bigg beside.

He has a double double chin,  
Receding mouth and eyes,  
And hid between his puffy cheeks  
His little noselet lies.

But often his enormous bulk  
Reduces him to tears,  
And when he cries, streams from his eyes  
Flow backward to his ears!



“ It is so tiresome,” he sobs,  
“ To have my chin repeat.  
I wish I could before I die  
Stand up and see my feet !”



**Mr. Capricorn  
Rings Morning Alarm Too Early**

# Mr. Capricorn Rings Morning Alarm Too Early



R. CICERO CAPRICORN

Gets up at sunrise every morn,  
And then he crows so lustilye  
That none can sleep more late than he.

His mistress loves him tenderly,  
But on cold mornings even she  
Thinks that the sun is much mistaken  
Her Cicero so soon to waken.

The neighbors in the near-by houses  
From slumber without fail he rouses.  
They hear him crowing ringingly.  
They 'd wring his neck more willingly!



Lucy Fildes Perkins



**Miss Maryllia Does Her Shopping Early**

# Miss Maryllia Does Her Shopping Early



MARYLLIA has just passed this way,  
She looks uncommon sweet to-day  
In a made-over hat.  
She trimmed it with a rose bouquet,  
And added just to make it gay,  
Some "this and that."

Her frock she made of odds and ends  
To which a bit of ribbon lends  
A deal of style.  
For lack of jewels, say her friends,  
Her pretty manners make amends,  
And her bright smile.

Of cleverness she makes her clothes,  
And uses patience as she sews  
To make them fit.  
All her painstaking neatness goes  
To make her sweet as any rose,  
No doubt of it.



Oh, she 's really very lovely !  
You 'll say so at a glance,  
With smiles in every corner  
That her other charms enhance.  
With a ruffle here, and a ribbon there,  
And sunbeams dancing in her golden hair,  
As her little feet go tripping  
Down the gray old street,  
The bending elms bend lower  
Her blue eyes to greet.



**The Blands' Front Yard Invaded by Chickens**

# The Blands' Front Yard Invaded by Chickens



RS. HORTON MONTMORENCI is deaf  
in t' other ear,  
And so she's never bothered by the things  
she does n't hear.

She has a deep aversion for her neighbor,  
Mrs. Bland,  
And any reference made to her she cannot  
understand.

Once some one just remarked that Mrs.  
Bland had almost died  
When hens got in her dooryard, for fowls  
she can't abide.

Now Mrs. Montmorenci thought this preju-  
dice absurd,  
And a curious coincidence immediately oc-  
curred.

Stray hens appeared inside the fence at  
least three times a day  
To Mrs. Bland's best gardens wending fast  
their way.



How it was they got there no one ever  
seemed to know,

And yet those birds continued every day  
to come and go.

But if we should protest in Mrs. Montmo-  
renci's ear

“How's that,” would be the sharp reply,

“What say? I did n't hear.”

**Albert Cowl Not a Close Observer**

## Albert Cowl Not a Close Observer



ABSENT-MINDED Albert Cowl  
Of promptness cannot boast.  
One morning he came down so late,  
Breakfast was over, most.  
His angry father's glance was chill,  
As was his egg on toast.

“Papa,” he said, “I’m most contrite,  
And likewise sorry, too,  
For being late to breakfast  
Is not the thing to do.  
The fact is I have spent my time  
In looking for my shoe.

“I’ve searched the barn and loft in which  
Our tomcat had a fit,  
Explored the well, and then ransacked  
The proper place for it,  
But still of my right shoe there is  
A shocking deficit.”



The lad held forth for him to see  
His left shoe lone and fair.  
“ My son,” his father said, “ your brains  
With sawdust can’t compare !  
If you will look on your right foot,  
You ’ll find your right shoe there.”



## A Sensation in Notown

## A Sensation in Notown



HE seven-two train went off early to-day  
with the late Mr. Angus B. After,  
Which gave the whole village a shock of  
surprise as well as a spasm of  
laughter.

The facts of the matter, some here and some  
there, were told to us carefullee,  
And as we understand it the way of it was  
not at all as it seemed to be.

For every one knows that if there's a train,  
and business demands that he take it,  
That Angus is late, and by this and by that,  
he simply can't manage to make it.

He's late to appointments, he's late to his  
dinner, he's late to church meetings  
and what not.

He's late to all functions, was late to his  
wedding, will be to his funeral I  
doubt not.

He's late to his train and although all the  
crew know perfectly well that he's  
hurrying



They simply won't wait, so he's always too late, in spite of his unseemly scurrying.

This morning he got there in plenty of time with no sign of haste or of worry,

And the shock put the crew in a regular stew, and the passengers all in a flurry.

"For the very first time," they cried out in surprise, "you're on time to your train by the Powers."

"Not at all, my good friends," he replied with a smile, "I am late by just twenty-four hours."

**The Notown Beau Attempts to Stay to Dinner**

# The Notown Beau Attempts to Stay to Dinner



HIS tendency in Mr. Wait  
Is daily growing stronger.  
He stays and stays and stays and stays,  
And then he lingers longer!

He calls upon his lady fair,  
And tells her almost nightly,  
“ You realize I ’ll stay to dine  
If I am urged politely.”

Last night his lady fair replied  
In words both terse and few,  
“ I ’d love to urge you, but I fear  
You ’d stay to breakfast too ! ”







Miss Amanda Simm Found Using Violent Language

## Miss Amanda Simm Found Using Violent Language



PROFANITY is not a whim  
Which well-bred Miss Amanda Simm  
Allows herself, and yet to-day  
A friend who chanced to pass her way  
Heard Miss Amanda state her mind  
In terms, which were in one refined,  
To say the least a great surprise.  
Her brief remark would scandalize  
The most unpolished passerby  
Were he in her vicinity.

Now we will state in words exact,  
Though quite polite, the simple fact  
Which gave Amanda such dismay  
And led her language far astray.  
This noon she had upon her arm  
A box of eggs fresh from the farm.  
Her neighbor's goat browsed peacefully  
Tethered to a nearby tree.



When Miss Amanda came in sight  
His eye with plotted crime grew bright.  
He dashed directly up the street  
And wound his rope around her feet,  
Dislocating thus her legs  
And hurling her into the eggs.  
It really spoiled her clothes and hair,  
The eggs were quite beyond repair.  
She rose and said in accents sad,  
“Now really isn't that too bad.”

Judge for yourself if there 's excuse  
For using such profane abuse.

**Marshall's Jerry Keeps a Private Cemetery**

# Marshall's Jerry Keeps a Private Cemetery



KNOW a boy called Marshall's Jerry  
Whose favorite pet is a cassowary.  
But he has many pets beside  
In which he takes an honest pride.  
For instance penned in his back yard  
You 'll find a spotted leopard,  
And tethered to a nearby tree  
Is a moth eaten chimpanzee.  
Beneath the barn and safe from cats  
Are various kinds of colored rats.  
The barn, so says his crocodile,  
Is more commodious than the Nile.  
The basement Jerry thinks quite nice  
For housing little homeless mice.  
Dearer than all to Marshall's Jerry  
Is his own back-yard cemetery.

A generous lad is Marshall's Jerry,  
For with that back-yard cemetery  
He shares his pets and takes great care



That every one shall end up there.  
Whene'er his pigs come down with fits,  
Whene'er he drowns his old cat's kits,  
Whene'er his black bears overeat,  
Whene'er his chickens wet their feet,  
Whene'er his zebras wring their necks,  
Whene'er his moles develop specks,  
In fact, whatever fortune brings  
In funerals, deaths, or other things,  
He never lets it cloud his joy,  
For he's a philosophic boy.  
He merely says, does Marshall's Jerry,  
"Here's one more pet for the cemetery!"



## **Notown Manners Unpopular in Boston**

# Notown Manners Unpopular in Boston



HEY drilled Jerome Marshall for almost  
ten days

In the higher technique and the intricate  
ways

Of handling a knife and fork,

Of quirking his finger above a tea cup,

Of saying "No more thanks I'm really filled  
up!"

In the elegant mode of New York.

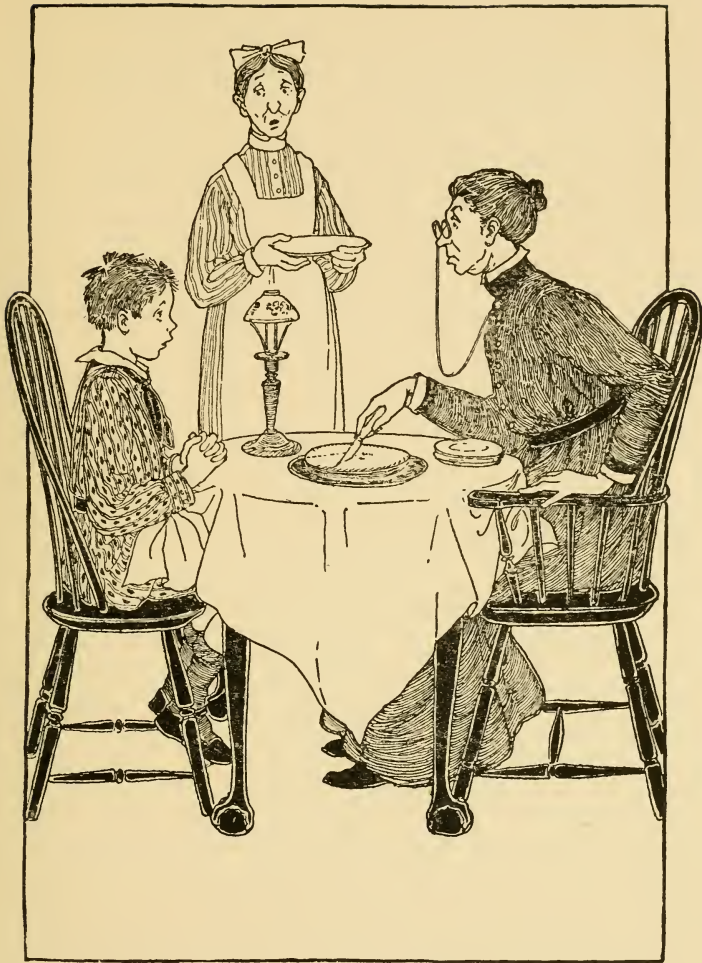
They told him to chew forty times on his  
meat,

That under his chair he must anchor his  
feet,

That his elbows must rise to a slant.

Then they hid his spruce gum and his long  
snickersnee

And took the poor child off to Boston to see  
His very most shockable Aunt.



When that worthy lady urged him to accept  
Some pie in the art of which she was adept,  
Thus answered the well bred Jerome.

“ Please excuse me dear Aunt but I’d rather  
    have cake,  
Because I have often been forced to partake  
Of pie just as nasty at home ! ”

**An Interview with Inventor Riggs**

# An Interview with Inventor Riggs



LD Riggs makes most frequent mention  
Of an engine, his latest invention.  
When asked, "Does it go?"  
He replies, "Dear me, no!  
That really is not my intention."







Captain Ben Hect Mutinies When Expected to Praise  
the New Wheeler Baby

# Captain Ben Hect Mutinies When Expected to Praise the New Wheeler Baby



S we were walking down the street  
An army we did chance to meet  
Waving flags, and otherwise  
Armed to teeth and nose and eyes.  
At intervals the line did pause  
And opening wide its several jaws,  
Emitted such an awful yell  
That in our tracks we almost fell  
And scarce recovered from the fright  
Till eight o'clock the following night.  
The army's yell which split our ears  
Was this, " Hurrah, and three big cheers,  
And tigers, for the sister what  
General Jamjar Wheeler 's got!"

We later learned from trusted sources  
That General Wheeler marched his forces  
In the house and up the stair  
And straight into the nursery where



His day old sister lay all red  
With wrinkled nose and hairless head.  
The army gazed with deep respect.  
Then up spoke fearless Captain Hect.  
“ I ’d send her back if I was you,  
She looks so awful raw and new !  
Where ’s her nose and where ’s her chin !  
What silly clothes to dress her in ! ”

An awesome lady in a dress  
Entirely made of cleanliness  
Picked Jamjar quickly off of Ben,  
And hustled out his valiant men.  
In Wheeler’s yard immediately  
Occurred an awful mutiny  
At which the General did his duty  
And proved with fists his sister’s beauty.

Our last report just merely mentions  
That Wheeler’s men retired on pensions.

The Biggs Foolishly Attempt to Change the Mind  
of a Setting Hen

# The Biggs Foolishly Attempt to Change the Mind of a Setting Hen



HE Biggses had a setting hen.  
She set and set!  
They put her in a latticed pen.  
That did n't break her up, so then  
They went and gave her duckings ten.  
And still she set!

They took away her drink and grain,  
But there she set!  
They crammed in her with might and main  
Red pepper pills to cause her pain ;  
More than a chicken should contain.  
And there she set!

Then at the Doctor's stern request,  
While still she set,  
They went away and took a rest.  
Returned and found her still obsessed  
With one idea, all she possessed,  
And setting yet!







**Remarks of Organ-Grinder During Recent Visit  
to Notown**

## Remarks of Organ-Grinder During Recent Visit to Notown



Y feet are sludging through the puddles in  
the road,

There's a box of jolly tunes upon my back,  
Coquette, my ugly monkey, rides aloft the  
load,

The darling knows there're riches in my  
pack,

“Don't you know, my ugly beauty,  
That it's worth a pirate's booty?  
That it bursts with golden treasure?  
That it's brimming full of pleasure?”

“The rain is bouncing on my hat and off the  
brim.

It falls while I peer through it like a veil.  
My shoes slish as I walk, the sky is gray  
and grim,

But all the while my heart the sun can hail!



“ For my box is full of dancing,  
Laughing looks and smiles entrancing,  
Full of crowded pavements ringing  
With pattering feet and singing ! ”

So sang the organ-grinder in the rain,  
While tunes came tumbling out and in again,  
And rosy fingers on the window pane  
Tapped out the dancy time of his refrain.

**Jerome Marshall Shows Results of Careful Home  
Training**

## Jerome Marshall Shows Results of Careful Home Training



EROME, child, you are such a comfort to  
me!"

Said old Mrs. Horton D. Montmorenci,  
To the Marshalls' well brought up and  
cleaned up young son,

Who had dropped in that afternoon just for  
the fun

Of making a call and of eating some cakes  
Of the sort Montmorenci's Maryllia makes.

"If I make a remark which some neighbor  
derides

Your merriment just about splits your young  
sides.

If I crack a poor pun or repeat nonsense  
rhymes,

Or remodel a joke so 't will suit modern  
times,

You laugh at it loudly and lengthily too.

For your kindness, my dear, I am grateful  
to you."



“It’s no trouble at all,” replied tactful Jerome.

“I’ve been so accustomed to poor jokes at home!”



**Miss Portia Pennybacker Described**

## Miss Portia Pennybacker Described



Did you ever want to trample through an untracked patch of snow?

Did you ever want to roll in fields of hay just ripe to mow?

Did you ever mark a frosted cake with thumb prints in a row?

Did you ever?

Yes, and what is more, you did it.

Did you ever see Miss Portia's back progressing up the street,

With Miss Portia far in front of it, a train behind her feet?

While you contemplated landing there a snowball hard and neat?

Did you ever?

Yes, and what is more, you did n't!





**Ben Hect Will Do Almost Anything Once**

# Ben Hect Will Do Almost Anything Once



ONCE Ben Hect got a notion  
To wash from top to toes.  
He scrubbed till he was shiny,  
And donned some all clean clothes.  
A haircut from the barber  
He got with a shampoo,  
Then walked the streets of Notown  
To show what he could do.  
  
But that never never happened more than  
once.

Again he got a notion  
'T would be a mad display  
To have one's hands both cleanly,  
He'd wash but one a day!  
But when he went to dinner  
Things did n't go quite well.  
Papa disliked the contrast.  
Ben washed them both — pell mell!  
  
Ben also never tried that more than once.







**Opinions Concerning Bagpipes Differ**

# Opinions Concerning Bagpipes Differ



T rattles and it wheezes,  
It coughs and sometimes sneezes  
Before the tunes are even under way.  
Then gasping turns to squeaking,  
To crying and to creaking!  
But Sandy loves to hear the bagpipes play.

To-day he donned his bonnet  
And plaid with red stripes on it,  
And strutted through the streets and piped  
a lay.

The children jigged close after,  
With jokes and jolly laughter,  
They'd listen to him squeak the livelong day!

Old folks who walk sedately  
Through Notown streets so stately  
Were seen to frown and shudder and to  
say,

“We simply can't go walking  
To such unseemly squawking.  
To keep the piper still we'd gladly pay!”





Miss Portia Pennybaker Rides Home Only  
Partially . . .

## Miss Portia Pennybacker Rides Home Only Partially



NOTOWN has a one-horse cab,  
Which ambles through the street,  
Hitched to what is called a horse  
Because it has four feet.

The cab has lamps which do not light,  
And doors that will stick shut.  
There're forty squeaks for every joint  
Than which there's nothing but!

Miss Portia P. came back to town  
Upon the local train,  
Found no one at the station but  
The Notown cab and rain.

Being no judge of cabs, she thought  
She could get home at least  
By using that historic hack  
And antiquated beast.



She climbed right in, she banged the door,  
The horse was roused to motion,  
But where she 'd left her pocket-book  
She had n't any notion.

She rose in frantic haste to search  
Her reticule and muff,  
When crash! the floor gave under her.  
It was such rotten stuff!

With few delays she made a swift  
Descent into the road,  
And there she stuck and had to hop  
Clear to her own abode.

And many were surprised to see  
That cab go down the street  
Upon its own four shaky wheels,  
Plus two well-slippered feet!



Ignorance of Care and Feeding of Children Due to  
Single State

# Ignorance of Care and Feeding of Children Due to Single State



R. OTTO B. JOLLY is forty,  
Mr. Otto B. Jolly is fat.  
Still every New Year finds him single,  
But then he thinks nothing of that!

Mr. Jolly just jingles with money.  
His pockets bulge out with good things.  
When he walks he appears to be skipping.  
Instead of plain talking, he sings.

Mr. Jolly has quite a small namesake,  
And his name is Otto B. Sweete.  
Of course he *will* bring the boy presents  
Of things that he ought n't to eat.

On Tuesday he brought him a truffle  
Garnished with lobster and tripe,  
With a relish of sardines and herring,  
And olives both stuffed and unripe.



When the small Otto's mother protested,  
He responded, " Don't mention it, pray!  
I thought he would like a nice dinner,  
Since the boy is a year old to-day."

Well-known Desperado Deprived of Anticipated  
Punishment

# Well-Known Desperado Deprived of Anticipated Punishment



N Wednesday last at ten A.M.  
Aloysius Barnes got mad.  
Made up his mind to spend the day  
In being very bad.

Revenge upon his harsh mamma  
He vowed with screams and yells,  
The while he scattered on the floor  
A mess of peanut shells.

He banged the door, he kicked a tree,  
He trespassed on the grass.  
He bit his dog and then he pulled —  
But stop, we'll let that pass.

He called the cook fourteen bad names,  
Sewed up her apron strings,  
Provoked her till she called him "bad"  
And several other things.



He left the bathroom light to burn,  
The water tap to run,  
Then waded in the bathtub  
Which he should not have done.

He spoiled his collar, splashed his suit,  
And tore his new necktie.  
He gave himself a bloody nose,  
Likewise a black right eye.

He stamped right in the house to where  
Mamma was serving tea  
And turned his back upon her most  
Partikler companee.

But of his looks and wicked ways  
No notice did she take.  
She merely said "Aloysius dear  
Come here and have some cake!"



**The Wheelers' New Baby Commented on Unfavorably**

# The Wheelers' New Baby Commented on Unfavorably



WHEN little Betty Wheeler  
Was taken in to see  
A tiny crinkled baby  
Which was declared to be  
Her spandy new wee sister,  
She walked on tip-toe tips,  
With one hand in her nurse's  
And fingers on her lips.  
But when she saw near mother  
That funny dark red head  
She cried, "Mamma, who dared to put  
That punkin in your bed!"





## Street-Sweeper Reported a Rich Man

# Street-Sweeper Reported a Rich Man



CONSCIENTIOUS man  
Is the street sweeper.  
Deny it if you can  
Of the street sweeper.  
There is not a nook unswept,  
Or a corner poorly kept,  
For at cleaning he's adept,  
Is the street sweeper.

He is wealthy even rich  
Is the street sweeper.  
It's the grimy dust in which  
The old street sweeper  
Finds pennies beyond measure,  
And much lost or hidden treasure,  
That add greatly to the pleasure  
Of the street sweeper.

A collector in his way  
Is the street sweeper.  
And all the small boys say  
That the street sweeper



Has the finest lot of balls,  
Pocket knives and Ingersolls,  
So they all make frèquent calls  
On the street sweeper.



**Mr. Chubb's Theories on Raising Babies  
Do Not Stand Tests**

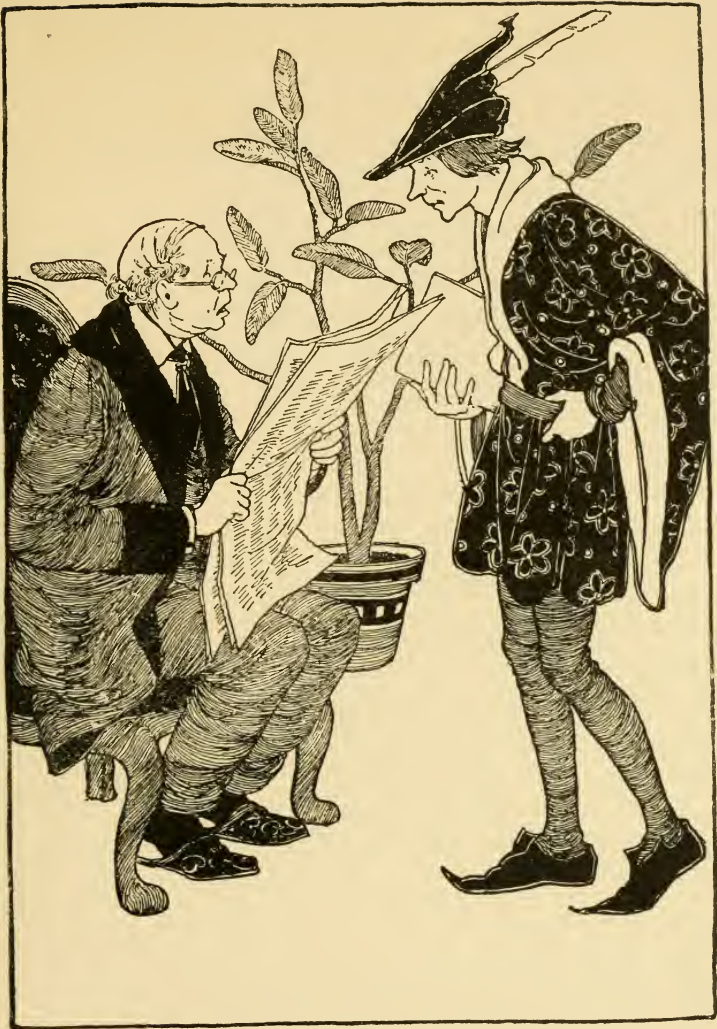
## Mr. Chubb's Theories on Raising Babies Do Not Stand Tests



UR ancient friend and dearest foe,  
Which is R. Percy Chubb, you know,  
Has lately settled down for life  
And married himself to a wife.  
Now he has a house and lot,  
Likewise a family burial plot,  
A rubber plant and overshoes,  
Wears glasses when he reads the news,  
Refuses toast because of noise,  
Has theories about raising boys.

One evening of quite recent date,  
It being cool and not too late,  
We called in our capacity  
Of news reporter, just to see  
How Percy managed to enjoy  
His wife, his supper and his boy.

We found him sitting ill at ease,  
Afraid to move or even sneeze.



“Sh-h-h,” he said with worried frown,  
“You’ll wake the baby. Please sit down.”  
We sat and noted with surprise  
The loudness of his baby’s cries.  
“It’s been a very pleasant day,”  
He managed finally to say.  
“Is that your royal heir?” we parried.  
His face with care was deeply harried.  
He softly moaned as he replied.  
“At least the Prince of Wails,” he sighed.

**Mrs. Montmorenci Issues a Warning**

## Mrs. Montmorenci Issues a Warning



RS. MONTMORENCI sat and sipped her  
tea and cake,

While seven naughty Notown boys of cream  
tarts did partake.

“My dears,” she said, “these tarts will give  
you each a stomach ache!

“Most awful pains come on,” she said, “at  
times you’d least expect,

And lessons you would like to do they  
force you to neglect.

Not even for arithmetic have they the least  
respect.

“For coming when it’s time for school,  
those pains have quite a knack.

On Sundays just in time for church you  
might have an attack.

Whatever else I do without, cream tarts I  
never lack!”



Mrs. Montmorenci then sedately winked  
her eye

At Jamjar, Bennie, and Jerome, who has-  
tened to reply,

“To come and see you every week we all  
are going to try.”



Miss Patience Runs Out of Feet

# Miss Patience Runs Out of Feet



ESTERDAY when the rooster crowed  
While yet 't was early morn  
Miss Patience woke and got right up  
Her person to adorn  
With some quite high and very new  
Red shoes she 'd never worn.

Her skirt and dress were bad enough  
To crawl into unaided.  
Her garter complications were  
Deliberately evaded,  
And when it came to combing hair,  
She let it go unbraided.

But shoes to one who never had  
Put on her shoes before,  
And was too small to dress herself,  
Were something of a chore.  
She struggled with them long and hard  
And puzzled with them more.



And when she ventured out to take  
Her morning promenade,  
The passersby stared very hard,  
And said, "How very odd,  
That child should be so queerly dressed  
And so absurdly shod!"

"My dear young friend, you must have put  
Your shoes on your wrong feet,"  
Was what she heard from every one  
That she did chance to meet.  
"What shall I do?" Miss Patience sobbed,  
"I have no other feet!"



**The Riverside Press**  
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS  
U . S . A

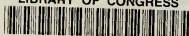








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